



Young Ralph the Waggoner.

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(Sold by J. Evans, No. 41, Long-lane.)

YOUNG Ralph's my name, the waggoner,
And humble is my station,
What then, I'll clearly prove it, sir,
There's many in the nation.

*For as I've heard the wise ones say,
The world's like a waggon,
Where the fore-horse points out the way
The rest to follow drag on,
With a ge-wo debbin, ge-wo.*

The statesman, as we often see,
Awhile maintains each charter;
But bribe him with a double fee,
And soon those rights he'll barter.

For I've heard, &c

The lawyer, when he pleads, d'ye mind,
A cause, is wond'rous civil;
But to his cost, the client finds,
He drives him to the devil.

For I've heard, &c.

The doctor, who with cunning eye,
As well as the attorney,
First takes your fee, then if you die,
Prescribes you a long journey.

For I've heard, &c.

Then since on earth we're trav'lers here,
Let's drink and pass the noggin,
For, from the peasant to the peer,
Old time is ever jogging.

For I've heard, &c.

